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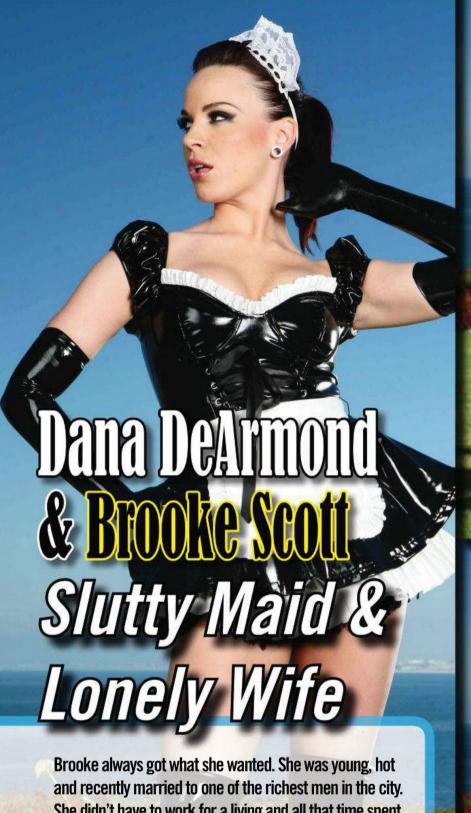












Brooke always got what she wanted. She was young, hot and recently married to one of the richest men in the city. She didn't have to work for a living and all that time spent alone at home made her mind wander. The person she saw most every day was her maid, Dana. The sexy mother of two was recently divorced and a real turn on, especially since she insisted on always wearing a tiny French maid outfit around the house. It was also obvious that she had experience and it made Brooke's slit ache with lust. She looked like a delicious whore and Brooke knew what she wanted now. She wanted to spend an entire day fucking around with Dana, her slutty maid.





























Sandra was bored. She was bored with work, her husband, her kids and her sex life. In fact, the last thing on that list was almost non existent. She had married her man because he was well hung, he knew how to use his tools and he would fuck her sore every night, sometimes more than once. But ever since he got promoted at work, the stress and long hours started to eat away at their bedroom fun. Sandra was horny and she hadn't cum in weeks. If she wanted to relieve her own stress, she had to get creative. She had been anything but a good girl in her single days, so she went through her little black book and called up two of her favorite cocks.

























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If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them - or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

I was so pissed off with Paul chatting up other girls and generally ignoring me, that I stormed out of the nightclub and into the lesbian hang-out down the street.

I wasn't exactly sure what I had in mind, other than getting away from and maybe getting back at the ignorant guy somehow. But when a big, pushy bull-dyke grabbed me at the bar and pulled me out onto the dance floor. I quickly realized that there must be a better way of going about things.

"No thanks!" I yelled, dipping out of the woman's burly arms and grabbing onto the nearest girl. "I've already got a dance partner."

The buzzcut dyke in the plaid shirt and nylon workpants looked at the little blonde I'd latched onto, and snorted. "She won't mind me cuttin' in, will you, honey?"

The petite girl with the bobbed hair, clad in a red velvet dress, answered back loud and clear, shocking both me and butch. "Yes, I mind! Find your own bitch!"

Before I could even snap my gaping mouth shut, the blonde had gripped my hand in her little hand and dragged me across the dance floor and right into the washroom. She pushed me into a stall and shot the bolt, shoved me up against a green metal wall.

I began to wonder if I'd overplayed my hand.

She pinned my shoulders back and stared at me, her large blue eyes gleaming behind her dark-framed glasses. Her skin-tight



HOT TO TWAT

dress showed off all her curves, her nipples punctuating the sexy slip of a garment.

"I-I was only kidding. You see, I'm not even into-"

She slammed her hot, taut body against mine. I could feel every excited inch of the girl through my own silver party dress, her hard nipples pressing into

mine, our breasts squishing together. Her heart was beating almost as fast as mine.

She reached up and ran her fingers through my long, shiny brown hair. I opened my mouth to say something more, to stop the madness. And she promptly closed it with her mouth, mashing her lips into my lips, swallowing up my words.

Her glossy red mouth moved hard and hungry against mine, wet and wild. Her sweet body spray flooded my frazzled senses like her hot body and lips were flooding the rest of me – with desire.

It was so weird, and so wicked, and so

wonderful. I forgot all about that jerk Paul – guys generally – and wrapped my arms around the little lesbian's body and held on tight, as she worked my mouth over with hers.

She suddenly pulled back, and we both gasped for air. She pushed my dress straps off my trembling shoulders, and the slinky gown fell down to my waist. My cupcake breasts heaved up and down, cherry-red nipples stretched hard with want. She grabbed onto my tits. I slammed back against the wall, her warm, smooth, clutching hands making me weak in the knees and wet in the pussy.

Looking up at me, she pushed my boobs together and stuck out the longest, pinkest tongue I'd ever seen, swirled it around one achingly jutting nipple, the other. I shuddered in her hands, ablaze with pleasure.

She lashed her tongue across both of my nipples at once, stiffening them and me still more. And then she sucked one into her mouth and tugged on it, did the same to my other wildly buzzing breast-tip. My head swum and my pussy overflowed.

She let go of my tits and her hands dropped onto my waist. She pulled my dress over my rounded hips and let it fall to the floor, as she went down on her knees. My sodden mound stuck out almost right in her face.

And as she breathed on my shaven snatch, as I fully comprehended the perverse reality of what was happening (and about to happen), I started having sober second thoughts. Paul wasn't such a bad guy, after all. He ...

She licked my slit. I almost jumped right out of my skin.

She licked me again, and again, dragging her tongue over my pussy lips. My flattened palms squealed against the metal wall. I quivered uncontrollably. The girl's tongue felt so awesome on my twat,



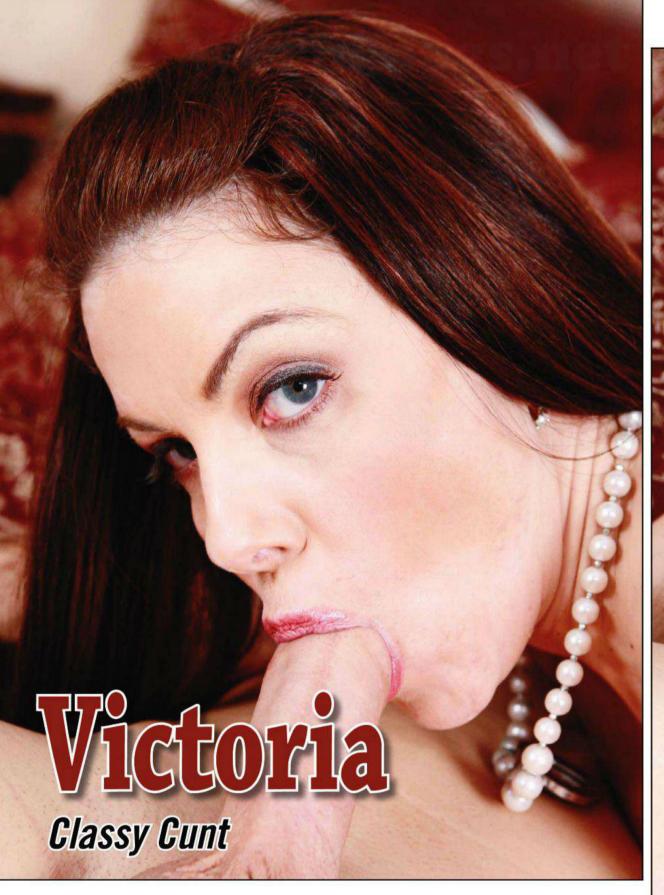
stroking absolute joy out of me. And when she parted my flaps and plunged into my tunnel, I could've shot through the ceiling.

She gripped my butt cheeks and bobbed her blonde head back and forth, fucking me with her long, hardened mouth-organ. It was pure, X-rated heaven. Her thumb found my clit, and rubbed, and it was utter ecstasy.

I wailed, "Ohmigod!" shaking with orgasm.

The girl knew more about pussy than any ten boys put together. I came so hard I clawed strips of paint off the wall, just about drowning the little blonde muff-diver in my gushing juices.

We ran into Paul when we were walking back to her place. He just stared at me, and I kind of waved, and she gripped me tighter around the waist. I was her bitch, turned lezzy on the end of her tongue.



Being the trophy wife of the chief lawyer in the county was much, much harder than Victoria had ever anticipated. She hadn't realized how proper she was expected to be at all times and, ever worse, she hadn't realized how proper and unadventurous her husband really was until it was too late. Years had gone by since the day they said "I do" and they had even had the time to have a son who, by now, had grown into a young stud. Victoria was on the verge of taking her hot pussy and pounding it on a strange cock and her son's young, buff friends weren't making holding back any easier. She had wasted too many years playing it safe and she was ready to unleash her inner vixen.





























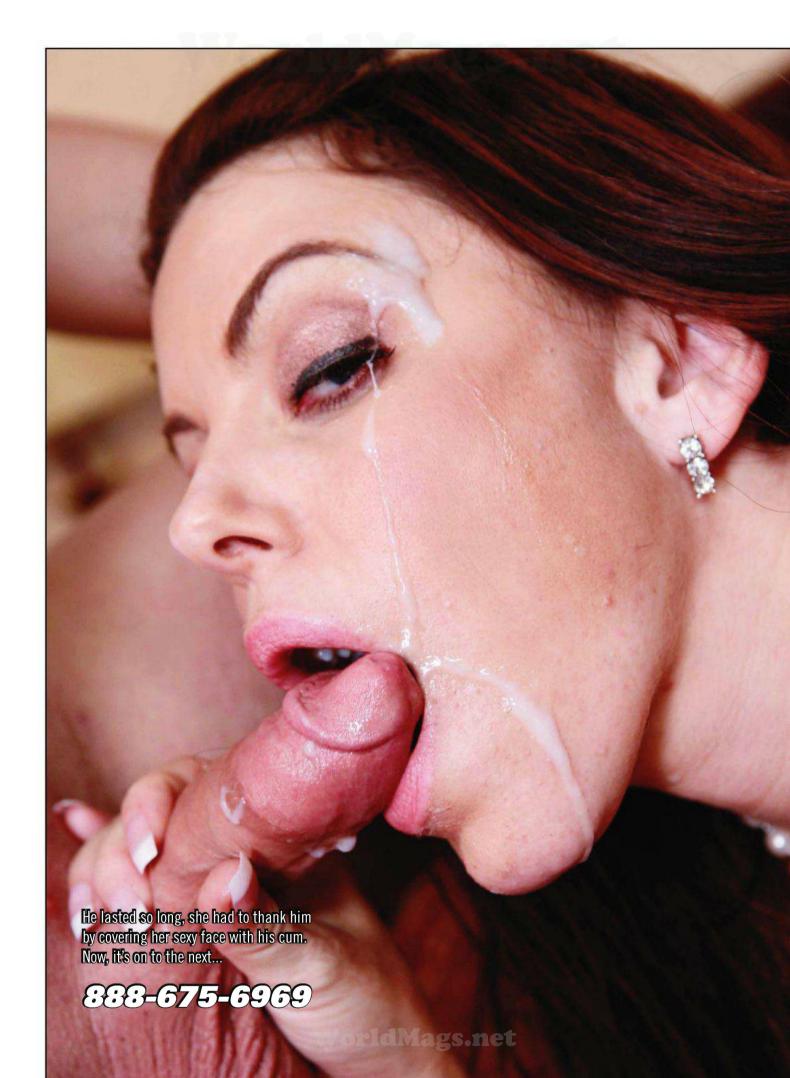








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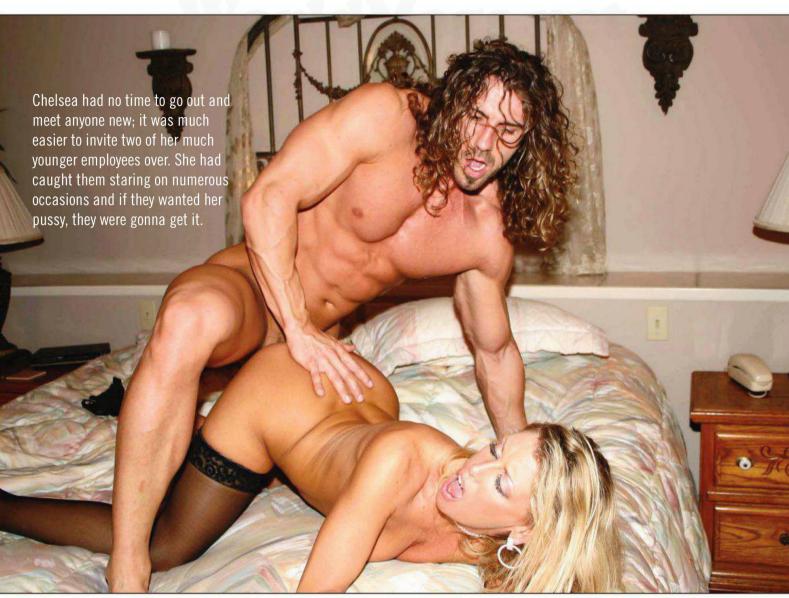




















Her husband had thought she wasn't enough of a filthy sex whore and boy, was he ever wrong.





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Hunter wasn't a liar. She knew that everybody who saw her with her late husband knew the truth - she had married him for his money. He was much older and filthy rich, and after only a few years of marriage, he passed away, leaving her with an unbelievable inheritance. What the public didn't know, and what she had never addmited to openly, was that she had the hots for her late husband's much younger, much hotter son. He was over at their house all the time and whenever he would take a shower or dip into the pool, she would feel her thong get drenched. She had never done anything about it before but enough time had passed by now and her needs had to be fed.





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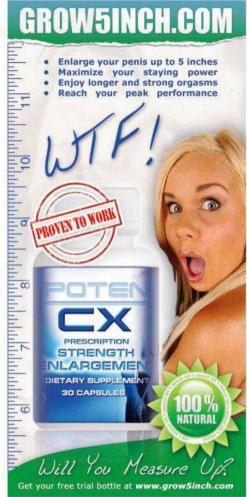






















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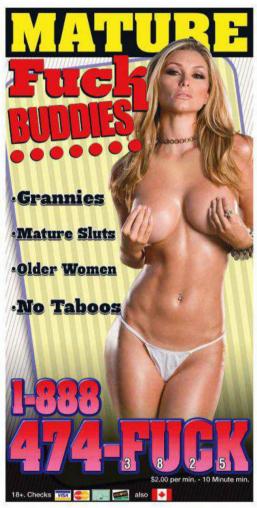


















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Older women? What about wiser, wilder, wanton women? Because I'm quite prepared to admit that I have every intention of becoming a dirty old woman. Of course I use the word "dirty" rather loosely. I suppose what I really mean is that I expect to still be interested in all things sexual (and essentially all things kinky) right to the bitter end! I've certainly become more passionate with age and more interested in experimentation. Don't get me wrong-I've always been highly sexed but it's only in recent years that I've developed the poise, the self-assurance, to be comfortable with my downright horniness! And while I still enjoy "vanilla sex", I enjoy even more exploring my naturally kinky nature and if it's with a man who's younger than me (sometimes CONSIDERABLY younger than me) then so much the better.

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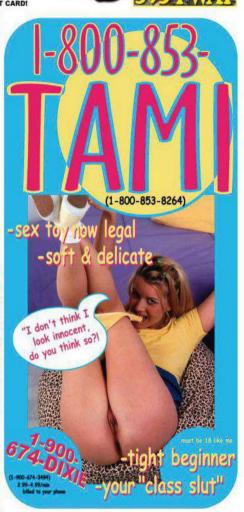
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